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THE MISSIONARY, IN PARTING, PRESENTING A BOOK TO THE MANDARIN

TALES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CHINESE LIFE AND MANNERS.

THE MISSIONARY AND THE MANDARIN.—CHAPTER I.
THE Yang-tse-Kiang, one of the two great streams of China, surpasses all the rivers of Europe and
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Asia, and is secondary only to the Amazon and the Mississippi in America. Its name signifies "the Son of the Sea." It rises in the mountains of Kokonor, not far from the sources of the Yellow River, its rival in magnitude and in commercial

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importance; it pursues a very circuitous course, and after receiving the tribute of countless streams and the superfluous waters of two immense lakes, it flows past Nanking into the ocean.

Some of the scenery on the banks of the Yangtse-Kiang is beautiful and even magnificent. This is especially the case where it traverses the province of Keang-Sy, and where its tributary, the Poyang Lake, in size like an inland sea, spreads its broad waters, and exhibits on its western side a long framework of picturesque and majestic mountains, and on its eastern banks a succession of towns and villages, whose pagodas and temples, triumphal arches and bridges, are reflected in the glassy mirror. The water of this magnificent lake is quite limpid and transparent; and where it forms fairy-like little bays, it is almost over-spread with the beautiful large water lily to which allusions so constantly occur in Chinese tales and poems. The southern climate, resembling that of Lower Italy, is warm, genial, luxurious, and somewhat enervating.

The inhabitants of the larger cities around the lake are celebrated for their love of pleasure and enjoyment, and some parts of the Poyang, like the famous lake Sy-hoo in the province of Che-Keang, or like old Venice in its carnival, are celebrated as the resort and home of frolic and revelry. The water of the favourite bays, at the finest season of the year, and more particularly on bright moonlight nights, is covered and crowded with junks, and barges, and skiffs, of fantastic forms, which are splendidly fitted up and filled with gay company, musicians, dancers, conjurers, and jugglers; and while these elegant craft glide among the water lilies, bringing forth sweet odours by their contact with the flowers, they are followed by barks of a more humble construction and far less ornamented, but freighted with the choicest viands. There is no night; the revelry is prolonged until long after sunrise, and only a portion of the day, including the hottest and least pleasant hours, is devoted to sleep.

It was at one of the gayest and most luxurious of these cities on the Poyang, and at a season rendered more than ever festive by the recurrence of a great annual festival, and the arrival of several provincial grandees with immense retinues, that a poor, quiet, devout missionary, from the regions of the far west, arrived at a late hour of a day, about a year before the breaking out of the present insurrection. The Christian missionary, disguised as a Llama or Buddhist priest, rode a lean ragged Tartar horse, and was followed by a Corean servant, his only attendant and companion, mounted on a country pony of still humbler pretensions. Both animals were tired with a long day's march, and they frequently stumbled as they crawled along the crowded streets, or hobbled very reluctantly from one inn gate to another. None of the Chinese Bonifaces seemed at all inclined to receive these two travellers; the more civil among them protested that their houses were quite full of high company, of people of the supremest fashion, and that they had not so much as the corner of a stable to spare. Others wondered at the impudence of such people applying for food and lodging at such houses as theirs. One fellow, with a humour for practical joking,

answered their inquiry after some humble house of accommodation, by directing them down a long dark lane, at the end of which, he assured them they would find an ostelry exactly suited to them and their beasts; and when the missionary and the Corean got to the end of this dark lane, they found themselves at the edge of a great burying ground for the very poorest of the populace.

At length they reached what appeared to be the principal street of all, and which was uncommonly well furnished with inns and hotels, and all manner of Chinese lodging-houses. In a good part of its length this was rather an esplanade or terrace, running along the margin of the lake, than a street with houses on each side. The scene was here uncommonly animated, and to the missionary and his attendant almost new. Innumerable junks were floating over that broad and smooth expanse of water, with coloured lamps suspended from their topmasts and yards, their lofty poops and aspiring prows; and a young crescent moon—little more than a silvery streak on the dark blue firmament—did not detract from the splendour of the artificial illumination. From the nearer vessels the sounds of instruments and voices were distinctly heard, while from the more distant ones there now and then came a crash of music, an uproar of mingled instruments, of trumpets, pipes, horns, shells, and gongs, which sounded not inharmonious at that distance. On shore, all was life, activity, and bustle; every living creature, save the sorry weary hacks of the two travellers, seemed to be engaged in a head-long race or chase after pleasure. The people in this quarter of the town were more courteous than those with whom the missionary had first come in contact; yet now and then a wag could not restrain his propensity to joke as he saw the poor Tartar steed slip, slide, or stumble at nearly every other step. "Make way for my Lord Llama!" cried one young rogue; "room for my Lord Llama! See, he is so often on his knees at his prayers, that his horse, too, has learnt to pray."

Having been rejected, with impertinent remarks or loud boastings, at half a score of inferior houses of entertainment, the missionary now boldly, and as it proved wisely, resolved to apply at one of the very best of the hotels, and accordingly drew rein and dismounted at the "Three Salutations." Every inn in China and Chinese Tartary has its sign, as with us and other European nations. The host of the "Three Salutations," who chanced to be in the porch, looking on at the sports that were in progress outside, said that his house was quite crowded with select company (which was true), but that he would see and find a comfortable corner for the Lord Llama, who appeared to be sorely fatigued, and who might perchance be very hungry. The man, like a vast number of the Chinese, was a Buddhist in religion, and therefore the more kindly disposed to one who wore the dress of a Buddhist priest or monk. He soon led the missionary and his Corean servant into a spacious airy apartment, where about a dozen of very finely-dressed gentlemen sate sipping hot tea out of tiny porcelain cups, and playing at a game resembling our chess, and at another game

not like anything European. After a few words from the host, in an under-tone of voice, the guests very courteously saluted the stranger, the Chinese being seldom wanting in the outward forms of politeness. This introduction over, a servant brought in a screen, with several folds, and so arranged it in a corner as to make something like a separate apartment. Refreshments were then served up, and coverlets spread on part of a low divan; and having supped, the missionary laid down with his faithful servant at his feet, and was soon buried in a sound and refreshing sleep, in spite of the somewhat loud and shrill talk of the Chinese in the other part of the room, who did not retire to rest until long after midnight.

On the morrow, the missionary rose early, and for many hours he saw no one to speak to, and heard no sounds in the vast hotel but such as proceeded from sleepers. The company he had left in the room on the preceding night seemed to have been increased, for every part of the long divan which ran round three sides of the saloon was tenanted by a recumbent snoring Chinaman. He went out into the fresh morning air, and walked along the shores of the lake; even the poor and labouring people seemed to be sleeping like their betters; there was scarcely a sound on earth or water or in air, to disturb his early orisons, as he knelt behind a green knoll on the margin of the lake and offered them up to the merciful God who had protected him in so many dangers.

About an hour after noon, the crowded hotel was again astir, and the missionary met in the great gateway a most gorgeously-attired mandarin, who had in attendance on him the fine gentlemen of the preceding evening and a great many more, who all appeared to be his servants or his obsequious clients. They looked fine and grand enough in their ample robes of silks and satins, but the great mandarin eclipsed them all. The white elastic soles of his embroidered slippers were of most aristocratic thickness, adding at least three inches to his height; his dress, which glittered in the sun and exhibited more and brighter hues than those on the peacock's tail, was all of the richest and finest materials that the looms of China could produce, and was richly embroidered in gold with figures of dragons and other fantastic devices. His light summer conical cap, of the most delicate chip, was surmounted by a transparent blue ball, which denoted his high rank to be that of a mandarin of the second class. Some of his people carried a large gilt umbrella to shelter him from the sun; others carried large fans of exquisite workmanship to cool and refresh him; others bore a magnificent *labouret*, or stool of state, and others, shawls and cushions; while those who had nothing to carry, marched behind in processional order, their hands concealed in the wide sleeves of their tunics, and their eyes reverentially bent to the ground.

As they slowly marched along the open esplanade, between the hotel of the "Three Salutations" and the shore of the lake, their bright and many-coloured robes reflecting back and tinting the rays of the midday sun, they looked like a bed of gigantic tulips put in motion by some mysterious agency.

The missionary, passing for a native, and taught

by necessity to be observant of all the forms and ceremonies of the country, had most respectfully saluted the great man as he passed, and the mandarin had acknowledged his salutation rather graciously, but in a manner that seemed to say: "Mark me well! It will be long ere you see such a mandarin as I! Do I not glorify the earth I walk upon?"

But though inflated with pride and conceit, the mandarin was not an austere or an ill-tempered man: he was exultant with recent success and gratified ambition, and was as anxious to impart the particulars of his good fortune, as other men are to dwell upon their misfortunes. Everybody sojourning at the "Three Salutations," and most of the townspeople besides, had heard the history of his greatness; but the missionary was a stranger, to whom it would be all quite new, and as the Buddhist priests are generally great travellers, this Llama might blow the trumpet of his fame in other cities and in remote provinces.

Therefore, on returning to the hotel, the great mandarin summoned the humble missionary before him, and soon engaged him in earnest conversation—if that can be called conversation where one man takes all the talk to himself and leaves the other nothing to do but to listen, or at most to utter a few exclamations of admiration or assent. The great man was indeed glorious and triumphant, and as satisfied with himself as any vain mortal could be, and as perfectly satisfied that he owed nothing to Heaven or to earth, to fortune or to chance, but everything simply and solely to his own merits. According to his own account, his life had been one uninterrupted series of wise thoughts and wiser actions. Reason, pure reason, was the only divinity he acknowledged. He scorned all superstitions, all creeds, all religions or forms of worship whatsoever; he was strictly a disciple of Confucius, a philosopher and a materialist. By his prudence, wisdom, and perseverance, he had more than trebled the fortune his father had left him.

The mandarin had two wives, and both were such paragons of women that it was difficult to say which was the more excellent or perfect. He did not think that two other such wives were to be found on the whole surface of the Middle Kingdom.* He had six children, three sons and three daughters: the sons were all prudent and wise like their father, and the girls all models of virtue and female accomplishments like their mothers. His eldest son had just passed his literary examination with the greatest credit and applause, and with such a consumption of gunpowder and all manner of fireworks as had not been known in the province for very many years. Since then he had concluded for him a most advantageous and honourable matrimonial alliance, and he had also affianced his eldest daughter to the son of a very rich and potent signor. Whichever way he turned, fortune seemed to smile upon him: to him she had never worn a frown. His harvests were always better than those of other men, and better garnered; his granaries and magazines of all sorts were quite full. Should there come a season of scarcity (and, unhappily, this often occurs in China), he and his

* The Chinese generally designate their country as the Middle Kingdom or Middle Empire.

would be well provided for; nay, so ample were his stores that they could stand three years of dearth. And all this was the result of his own wisdom and prudence. He could offer no thanksgiving, he could feel no gratitude to a superior Being; for his unenlightened mind did not acknowledge the existence of any such.

He had rapidly ascended the ladder of promotion, or gone through the different gradations of honour and rank. He had the blue ball already, and he was not without the hope of speedily exchanging it for the red, the symbol of the highest rank of all. Nay, he thought he might reasonably aspire to the supreme glory of wearing a peacock's tail with three eyes on it; for by his skill, genius, industrious care, and munificence, he had conferred a great boon on his native province, over which he thought that the Emperor ought soon to make him Viceroy. To restrain the inundations of the Son of the Sea he had planned and constructed a mighty dyke—such a rampart as was nowhere else to be seen. Some ignorant or jealous men had criticised his engineering, or censured him for departing from the old-established plans for such works; but he knew what he was about, and was quite certain that no swelling of the river, no flood, could ever break through his dyke. Other lands might be submerged, but, on the river side, his province was safe; ay, safe as if a chain of lofty mountains interposed between it and the Yangtse-Kiang. Was the red ball, was the peacock's feather, too high reward for public services like these?

The missionary saw that the mandarin was not in a frame of mind favourable to religious instruction, or to the reception of Christian doctrines, which teach us modesty, humility, abnegation, and the nothingness of worldly prosperity; but being an earnest man, and finding the mandarin, in spite of all his pride or vanity, rather amiable and gentle, he ventured to reason a little with him.

"It were all well," said he, "if this high state of prosperity would but last!"

"And why should it not last?" said the mandarin; "the same prudence and wisdom, the same exercise of pure reason, which created it, would insure its continuance."

"But at the very utmost," replied the missionary, "this can be but for a short space of time. Taking your present age, and the average length of human life, how many more years do you think you are likely to live?"

"In twenty-five more years," said the mandarin, "I shall be threescore years and ten; but my grandfather lived to be eighty, and I may do the same."

"But even thirty-five years is but as a moment when compared with eternity," said the missionary.

"There is no eternity but the eternity of matter," replied the confident man; "your Buddhist faith, with its metempsychosis, its transmigrations of the souls of reasoning men into all manner of beasts, birds, and reptiles, for millions and millions of years, is a fable fit only for the vulgar. I believe it not."

"Nor do I," said the missionary, who thereupon proceeded to declare that he was a follower and teacher of the doctrines of Christianity.

The great man was less astonished than might have been expected, for before this he had discovered that the stranger was certainly not a Chinaman, and in the course of several preceding years he had heard much talk about a new sect from the West, and about a formidable society forming in China under the name of the Trinity or Triad Society. There was not now the great danger there would have been a few years earlier in making this disclosure, for the war and invasion of the English had sorely humbled and intimidated the Chinese, and they were bound to toleration by stringent treaties both with France and England; but still the mandarin, if so disposed, might have caused the minister of the gospel to be seized and carried down to the coast to one of the five free ports. The grandee, however, had no such inclination; though atheism can be intolerant enough, he had no intolerance, no bigotry of any kind; he was pleased with the simplicity and meekness of the stranger, he was amused by his talk, and liked to have him for a listener.

After he had gone into another long discourse on his prudence and wisdom, his great worldly success, and his present prosperity, he rather patiently allowed the missionary to give him the broad outlines of the doctrines he taught, with some reasons for the faith that was in him; but the mandarin had lived too long in his self-satisfying unbelief to be very impressionable, and his pride and vanity, and his unbounded reliance on what he called pure reason, evidently made the Christian doctrines of self-denial and humility distasteful to him.

"You would reduce me to a level with other men," said he; "you would make me one of the common herd of mankind; you would turn me from a lord and ruler, into a lowly fisherman, or a vagrant and beggar. This cannot be! I am superior to other men, not less in my virtues than in my station and fortunes. By the aid of pure reason I have rooted up from my heart all vices, and of follies or weaknesses I have none. A true disciple of Confucius can have none. I run into no excesses, for excesses shorten life, and so abridge our enjoyments. You see me here, in a city of pleasure, and at a season when nothing but pleasure is thought of; but I keep to the golden rule of moderation. I do not frequent evil houses or evil company; I do not bet and gamble like other men. It seems to me to be quite unworthy of a philosopher to watch the combats of little crickets and grasshoppers, to bet large sums on a combat of quails, or to risk the value of an estate on a contest of Malay game-cocks. I gamble not at all. Then, there is the opium-pipe, which, in spite of law, reason, and philosophy, nearly everybody smokes now-a-days. I never touch it. The use of it is scandalous and degrading to pure reason and the dignity of human nature: if long continued, it dethrones reason altogether, and installs a wild insanity or moping idiocy in its place; it ruins the digestive organs, without which there is no health; it destroys both body and mind, and brings on premature death. The opium-pipe is the greatest curse of this country. I have no patience with those who plead that it is a cure for grief, that it takes away for a time the sense of

present losses, woes, and sufferings, and that nothing but their misfortunes have made them opium-smokers. A man's fortunes or misfortunes are all of his own making, and he is bound to bear them, whether they be good, indifferent, or very bad. A philosopher will face every event; a philosopher relies upon himself and his pure reason, the most precious, the only divine thing; but to make an assault upon his very reason, to whiff away his intellect by means of a poisonous drug and a stinking pipe, because some calamity has fallen upon him, seems to me the action of a madman, who is only determined to complete his madness. Nothing would ever induce me to inhale one breath from that opium-pipe!"

In this confident way the mandarin went on, boasting of his own strength of mind, and extolling his own virtues. The missionary, however, saw that his paternal affections were really very strong, and he conceived a sort of half hope that through these he might be able to make some impression upon him. He represented that, at any moment, death might deprive him of a child or children; and that, if they all lived, he himself, in the common course of nature, would be taken from them in twenty-five years or a little more; and he asked what would be his consolation at any bereavement or at the final separation from all.

"When I shall be taken hence," said the mandarin, "my comfort will be that I shall be interred with my ancestors, that my name and honours will be suspended in the ancestral hall, and that I shall live in the memory of my children, and their children, and their children's children, through many generations. This is the only thing I know that comes at all near to your notion of immortality. The immortality of a man is but the remembrance he leaves behind him of what he has been, and of what he has done. I shall be dust, and dust will be my progeny and theirs; but I may hope that the memory of me and mine may survive the decomposition of our bodies for two or three centuries."

Again the missionary observed that this was but a brief term, a mere moment compared with what he understood by eternity. He showed, too, how incomplete was the consolation in separation and death; and then, gradually warming with his subject, he exhibited all the bright hopes that cheer the Christian under suffering, in deprivation, and at the hour of death, whether his children and all those dearest to him be gathered round his bed, or be far away, or be gone before him to the grave.

"I have not always been the lonely, wandering man I now am," said he; "I once had a beloved wife and two dear children. They were taken from me, they are gone; but I live and shall die in the confident hope, through the merits of a Mediator and Redeemer, to meet them in another world, where there is no sorrowing, no parting, no dying, but one unchangeable state of union and bliss."

"If that could be," said the mandarin, "assuredly it were better than seventy or eighty years of the most prosperous and happy existence in this world. But it cannot be. We know what becomes of our dead; the sight, touch, hearing, every one of our senses but too plainly tells us that! Entomb them as you will, give them

sarcophagi of marble, give them coffins of silver, close coffin upon coffin, and shut out all access of air or outer matter, and lodge them in the dryest chamber of the best of houses, and yet the worms get at them and consume them, and in the end nothing is left of them but dry bones. How can those bones again live?"

The missionary was proceeding to explain to him, by the light of Scripture and revelation, how this might be and would be; but the grandee was now getting weary of the discussion; two or three other mandarins came in to pay him their visits of ceremony and congratulate him on his wonderful good fortune and rapid elevation, and thus his thoughts were once more absorbed by this world and its pomps and vanities.

When the great company had taken their departure, the missionary presented him with a little book, written in the Chinese language by Dr. Gutzlaff, containing elementary Christian teaching, and this little book he promised to read when he should be at leisure, or in a scene less gay and bustling than the one in which they now were. The proud great man had evidently not conceived any displeasure at the humble yet free-speaking teacher; he entertained him very sumptuously at dinner, and afterwards conveyed him through the city, that he might see some of its gaieties and sports and pastimes. The mandarin went in a very grand sedan or chair of state; the missionary was carried close after him in a chair which was more homely but very comfortable, and in this way they traversed the dense crowds and saw all that was to be seen.

The scene by night was sufficiently gay and exciting. Thousands upon thousands of large transparent lanterns of all colours, and covered with figures and large black Chinese characters, lined the sides of the street, in which men, women, and children were walking to and fro, dressed in their gayest and best holiday suits. Here Chinese music broke on the ear as some merry parties went by in hired carriages, and here a stationary orchestra sent forth still louder and more joyous strains. Here was a theatre, quite open in front and on both its flanks, on which grotesquely attired actors were performing popular comedies and farces; and here a highly excited group was listening attentively to a street-reader or itinerant storyteller, who was reciting some great and marvellous incident that occurred thousands of years ago. Other groups of Chinamen were listening with eager ears to inventive fortune-tellers, who were promising wealth, health, long life, and unalloyed happiness, to all such as could afford to pay well for the predictions. Children belonging to the upper classes, decked out in the gayest-coloured and most fantastic clothing, were slowly drawn about in little low carts, and increased the universal hubbub with their shrill voices. Here an immense crowd was amused with the tricks of a lad dressed up as a tiger, with a monstrous head and two glaring lamps for eyes, who crouched, sprang, and jumped about like the real wild beast, to the accompaniment of a most unearthly music; and here a still greater crowd was collected round several men, who had their bodies painted like tigers, a tail stuck on behind, and a chain round the waist, which was held by other men supposed

to be their keepers. This was the true Chinese "game of tigers." The fellows, muscular and exceedingly nimble, imitated the movements of the wild beast admirably, and some of them so fully entered into the character and worked themselves up to such a pitch of excitement, that they seized and tore to pieces with their teeth a live kid that was thrown among them. The profession is hereditary: there are whole families that bear the soubriquet of "Tigers," and in which the boys, as soon as they are strong enough to bear the fatigue, are taught by their fathers to personate the animal and imitate its every action or movement.

The brilliantly illuminated junks were gliding over the tranquil bosom of the lake, and innumerable kites, with small bright lanterns appended to them, were flying in the calm blue heavens, now surmounting and now crossing each other like so many gigantic fire-flies; and as kite-flying is not in China solely a juvenile amusement, many of these toys or playthings were put up and held by men of mature age and with portentous pig-tails. In a sort of amphitheatre, lighted up with lanterns and torches, other men, young and old, were busily engaged at shuttle-cock, using, not their hands and battledores as we do, but their feet.

In another inclosure were quail fights and cock fights, with people betting desperately on the issue. But gambling of some kind or other was rife in nearly every quarter, as was also the noxious practice of opium-smoking. On either side of the streets were low stalls, illuminated with coloured lamps, behind which were seated the retailers of all manner of sweets and confectionery, who, to attract the passers-by, knocked two pieces of wood together, and proclaimed with stentorian voice the excellence of their commodities; and from the pathway on this side and on that, merry parties were seen in the open shops, enjoying themselves with cards, dice, songs, instrumental music, frolics and games, and other amusements. Unhappily, besides the opium-smoking and the gambling, other vices were exhibited in the most barefaced manner, and scenes occurred which made the good missionary thrill with horror, and feel more than ever how blessed a thing it would be to instil into these benighted profligate people the precepts of the gospel and the saving spirit of Christianity.

As for the mandarin, although he sententiously disapproved of the opium-smoking and one or two other things, he was very little affected even by the most vicious and most degrading parts of the exhibition: his pure reason had not taught him their abominations; and as he was everywhere treated with the greatest respect and deference, and heard on all sides exclamations of wonder and admiration at his brilliant appearance, and the number and magnificence of his retinue, he was radiant with joy and more than ever inflated by pride and vanity.

"You have talked to me of a paradise," said he to his companion, as, towards the dawn of day, they returned to the hotel of the "Three Salutations;" "I call this a paradise on the Poyang lake, nor can I fancy a more perfect one." Poor vain materialist! who that had ever heard of heaven could be satisfied with such a paradise as this!

PRESCOTT, THE AMERICAN HISTORIAN.

MASSACHUSETTS is one of the most distinguished states of the American confederacy. It was originally settled, and for a long period almost exclusively occupied, by persons of nearly unmixed English descent, who sought in 1620, on the then barren shores of New England, a refuge from the scorn and bitter persecution to which they were subjected at home, in days when religious liberty was denied by Protestants as well as Roman Catholics. Of these heroic men, an eminent American reviewer (E. P. Whipple) thus writes:—"The Puritans! there is a charm in that word which will never be lost upon a New England ear. It is closely associated with all that is great in New England history. It is hallowed by a thousand memories of obstacles overthrown, of dangers nobly braved, of sufferings unshrinkingly borne in the service of religion and freedom. It kindles at once the pride of ancestry, and inspires the deepest feelings of national veneration. It points to examples of valour in all its modes of manifestation—in the hall of debate, on the field of battle, before the tribunal of power, at the martyr's stake. It is a name which will never die out of New England hearts. Wherever virtue resists temptation, wherever men meet death for the sake of religion, wherever the gilded baseness of the world stands abashed before conscientious principle, there will be the spirit of the Puritans. They have left deep and broad marks of their influence on human society. Their children, in all times, will rise up and call them blessed. A thousand witnesses of their courage, their industry, their sagacity, their invincible perseverance in well-doing, their love of free institutions, their respect for justice, their hatred of wrong, are all around us, and bear grateful evidence daily to their memory. We cannot forget them, even if we had sufficient baseness to wish it. Every spot of New England earth has a story to tell of them; every cherished institution of New England society bears the print of their minds. The strongest element of New England character has been transmitted with their blood. So intense is our sense of affiliation with their nature, that we speak of them as our 'fathers.' Though their fame everywhere else were weighed down with calumny and hatred, though the principles for which they contended, and the noble deeds which they performed, should become the scoff of sycophants and oppressors, and be blackened by the smooth falsehoods of the cold and the selfish, there never will be wanting hearts in New England to kindle at their virtues, nor tongues and pens to vindicate their name."*

This tribute to the memory and character of the "pilgrim fathers" is as just as it is eloquent. In point of morals, education, and intellectual culture, the citizens of Massachusetts are unsurpassed—we might safely say unequalled—in any portion of the United States. This state has given birth to a larger number of men eminent in the various walks of statesmanship, literature, science, and art, than any other in the Union. And among her distinguished sons, none has attained to a higher place in the estimation of the learned of his

* Essays and Reviews, vol. i., pp. 219-221. Boston, 1851.

own country and of Europe, than the subject of this paper, WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

For more than two hundred years the Prescott family has been known and honoured in Massachusetts. Twenty years after the landing of the pilgrims from the "Mayflower," in 1640, a man of athletic frame and dauntless resolution, named John Prescott, left this country with many others, and settled in Lancaster. He was a blacksmith and millwright. He took with him from England, among other things, a suit of armour, an heirloom, it is supposed, descended from some ancestor who had fought at Poitiers or Flodden Field; and there are traditions in the family of the terror which his appearance, as well as his prowess, caused when, in the encounters which took place so often between the Indians and the early settlers of New England, he sallied forth into the midst of the foes that attacked his homestead, armed *cap-à-pie*.

The sons and grandsons of this sturdy yeoman won their way to distinction among the founders of the infant cities in the wilderness. One of them, in 1753, received a grant of about eight hundred acres of land from the town in which he resided for his public services. Another, Col. William Prescott, commanded the American forces against the British troops at the battle of Bunker Hill. His son, Judge Prescott, was the father of the historian. And when we know beneath whose eye he was trained, and the character of the home-life by which his affections were ripened and his judgment moulded and influenced, we at once perceive the origin of the characteristic qualities of his composition: through the *man*, the *author* is comprehended by us.

The active life of Judge Prescott was mainly spent in the labours of the bar. His inclinations kept him back from the noisy and dangerous arena of political life, and the public trusts which he undertook were assumed from a sense of duty rather than from any promptings of ambition. He enjoyed, in an extraordinary degree, the confidence of the public and the respect of the courts, and for many years he had considerable difficulty in meeting the demands of an overwhelming practice. His rank at the bar was fairly earned, both by a large measure and happy combination of moral and intellectual qualities, by strong common sense and hereditary sagacity, by a spirit of industry that never quailed, by large stores of legal learning, by his natural dignity and his love of truth and justice, "which never allowed him to overstate the testimony of a witness or the force of an authority." In his declining years, when the grave and manifold cares of professional life were laid aside, the beauty of his character and the richness of his intellectual resources became strikingly apparent.

An eminent member of the American bar, in speaking of him, says: "The interval between active life and the grave is apt to be a trying one to lawyers. It is one of the burdens of our profession that we are obliged to spend half our time in learning what we wish to forget the moment it has served some particular end. The brain is like an inn, that is constantly receiving new guests and dismissing the old. Thus the mind of an old lawyer is apt to be like a warehouse which is in part empty, and in part filled with goods the

fashion of which has passed away. But such was not the case with Judge Prescott. His social tastes, his domestic affections, his love of general knowledge, and the interest he had taken in everything which had interested the community in which he lived, prevented his mind from becoming warped or narrowed by professional pursuits; and when these were no longer permitted to him, he passed naturally and cheerfully into more tranquil employments. His books, his friends, his family, filled up his hours, and gave healthy occupation to his mind. His interest in life was not impaired, nor the vigour of his understanding relaxed, by the change. His appearance at that time was dignified and prepossessing. His figure was tall, thin, and slightly bent; his movements active, and his frame untouched by infirmity. His features were regular and their expression benevolent and intellectual. His manners were simple, but marked by an air of high breeding, flowing from dignity and refinement of character. He was a perfect gentleman, whether judged by a natural or conventional standard. A stranger admitted to his society, would, at first, have been inclined to describe him by negatives. His manner was not overbearing, his tone was not dogmatical, his voice was not loud. He was free from our bad national habit of making strong statements and positive assertions. He was not a great talker; nor was his conversation brilliant or pointed. But he who spent any considerable time in Judge Prescott's society, especially if he had occasion to consult him, or ask his advice, would have brought away other than merely negative impressions. . . . Who can estimate too highly the privilege of having had such a father—so fitted for the paternal office, that if his son could have had the impossible boon bestowed upon him, of selecting his parent, he could never have found a better guide, a wiser counsellor, a truer friend, than he upon whom, in the providence of God, that trust was actually devolved."

This venerable man departed this life on the morning of Sunday, December the 8th, 1844, being then in his eighty-third year; and eight years afterwards, in March, 1852, our historian saw the remains of his mother—who died in her eighty-fourth year—borne to the narrow house prepared for all the living. She, too, like his father, was a person of large, genial, and active sympathies. To the last, in the cold of winter, as well as in the heat of summer, "her venerable form was constantly seen in the streets of Boston, as she went on foot upon her errands of charity." She sought out the widow and the fatherless, the neglected and the forsaken. And the peaceful and pure spirit within shone out in her animated smile and cordial greeting. Despite of the weight of years and the infirmities of age, she retained the buoyant happiness and sunshine of youth to the end.

Of these parents, the historian was born when they resided in Salem, Massachusetts, on the 4th of May, 1796, and is, therefore, now in his 62nd year. Of his early years we know little. When about the age of twelve, his father, who had removed to Boston, placed him in that city under

* "Homes of American Authors," p. 148. New York. 1853.

the care of the Rev. Dr. Gardiner, who was an old pupil of our own celebrated Dr. Parr. Under this gentleman's tuition, he made rapid progress in classical studies. In 1811 he entered Harvard University, and there his attention was chiefly devoted to the cultivation of a more extensive acquaintance with the immortal productions of

"The great of old,
The dead yet sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

and with the languages and literature of modern Europe, rather than with mathematical studies, for which he never evinced any special regard. In 1814, he left the university, with the view of studying for the profession of which his father was so distinguished an ornament. In his preparation for the bar he was stopped by a violent inflammation of the eye, that threatened to consign him to total blindness, having already lost the use of one through an accidental injury received while in college. After a severe illness, during which he was, for some time, perfectly deprived of sight, he was compelled to abandon his studies and his profession. In the hope that change of scene and relaxation would prove of permanent benefit, he came to Europe, where he travelled for upwards of two years, and then returned home. The condition of his sight prevented him from resuming his studies, or even opening a book. As the years passed on, the inflammatory tendency of his system abated, and as his general health improved, he found that he could use his eye in study with comparative freedom from danger. Nevertheless, to gratify his literary tastes, he was obliged to call in the aid of a reader. To this period of his life we are indebted for his contributions to the "North American Review," thirteen of which have been republished in this country. They display, in a very remarkable manner, the leading characteristics of his style, his ease of description, his complete comprehension of the subject in hand, and his mastery of multifarious and minute details, that would have done credit to one who had no such grave impediments to contend with as he had.

[To be continued.]

THE WORK OF THE POTTER.

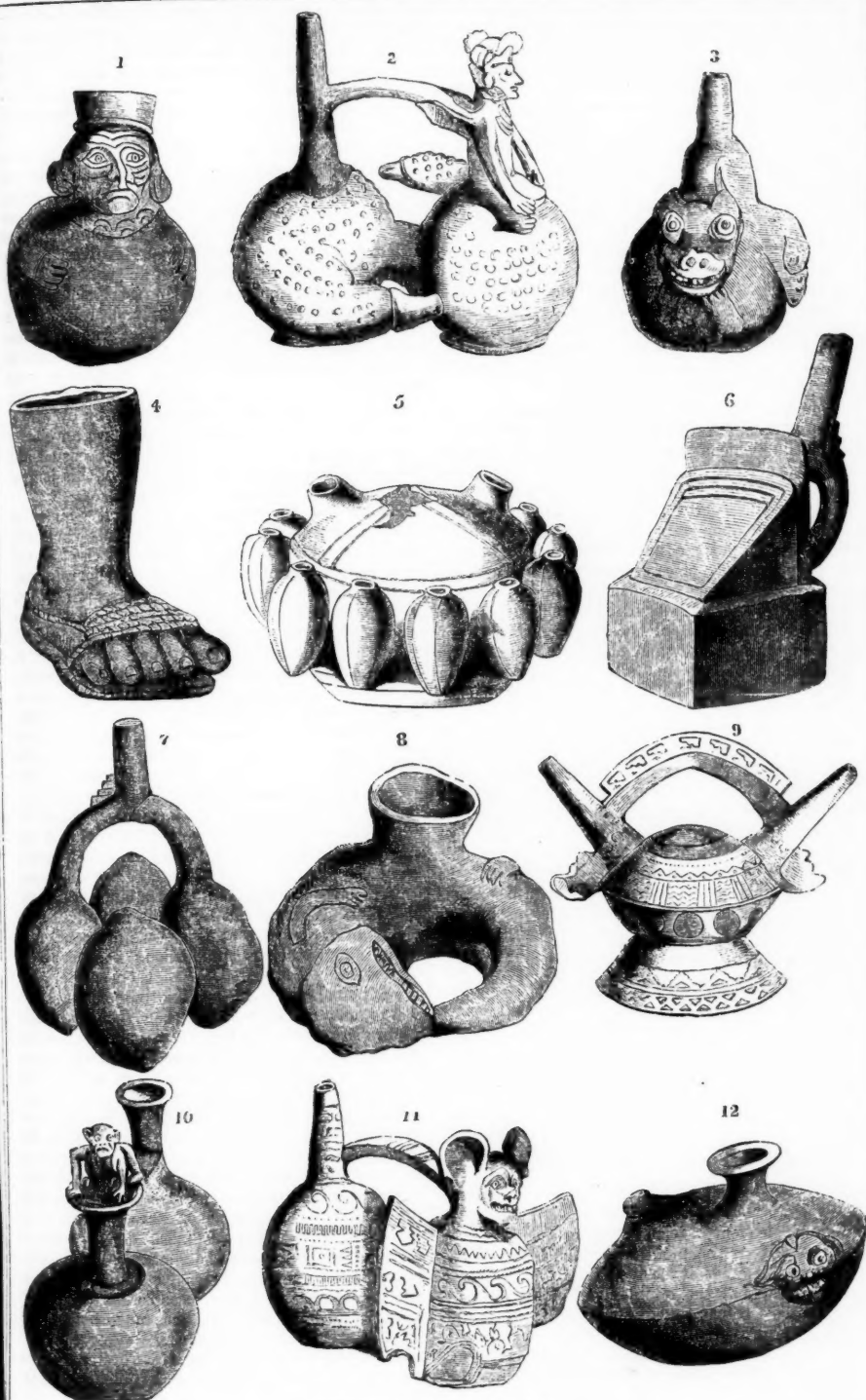
THE existence of Pottery has proved a most valuable aid to historical research. "From the pottery of the tombs," says a recent author, "we learn the domestic manners of nations long since passed away, and may trace the geographical limits of the various great empires of the world. Thus, the extent and limits of the ancient Grecian and Roman empires are deduced from the remains of their pottery; and the extent of the Mahomedan rule in the Old World, and of the Aztec dominion in the New, would alike be clearly pointed out by their pottery, if no other record of their conquests had been transmitted to us."

In the burying-places of various aboriginal tribes, there have been found arms and utensils of metal and pottery; and this custom, of burying with the deceased objects which had been useful to them when alive, seems to have been almost universally prevalent. Germans, Slavonians, Scandinavians, and Celts practised it; and vessels

of every form and dimension have been found in the tombs which contained the ashes of their dead. The Grecian funeral pottery is said to have existed as a manufacture, probably not less than 1200 years, from about the ninth century before the Christian era to about 350 years after. Nations, severed by mighty oceans, and of wholly distinct races, have been found sharing in this practice; and if, from the inhabitants of the Old World we pass to those of the New, we find the natives of that rich and extraordinary country which was invaded by the Spaniards, in the early part of the sixteenth century, addicted to the same custom. Mexico and Peru were two principal centres of civilization in the New World; and in those regions there existed numerous curiosities and relics of antiquity, some of which have been preserved and treasured up in various depositories of the fine arts. In the Louvre there is a large collection of South American antiquities. Among them there are numerous productions of Peruvian pottery, found in the huacas, or tombs of Peru. In some other public museums, specimens of these curious vessels are found. Those here figured are part of a collection contained in the Norfolk and Norwich Museum, for the possession of which it is indebted to the generosity of a gentleman who, originally an inhabitant of East Anglia, found a home in South America, from whence he sent to his native place, these and other curiosities. The collection, which is a valuable one of its kind, has been transferred to Manchester, for exhibition at the present Art Exposition in that city. It has been thought that the readers of the "Leisure Hour" may be interested in the accompanying engravings, as well as in learning a few particulars respecting these strange and grotesquely-formed specimens of the art of the potter.

The huacas above referred to are tumuli, or burying-places, which were eagerly ransacked by the Spaniards, in search of the treasures deposited within them. The ancient Peruvians seem to have, not unfrequently, buried their dead in the houses where they lived, and household and other utensils were placed in the graves when the corpses were thus interred, as well as when they were deposited in other places. They seem, in fact, to have been buried with whatever belonged to them at the time of their death. Women have been found with their pots, pans, and jars of earthenware, and men with their hunting and fishing implements.

Recent travellers, who have examined the remains of the ancient Indian towns of Peru, thus describe the vessels found in these houses of the dead. Those used for holding water, or other liquids, are very varied in colour and form. Most of them exhibit ludicrous caricatures of human figures. Others are grotesque representations of animals, or fancy figures. These vessels have, very frequently, two apertures; one by which they were filled, and the other by which the liquid was poured out. (See figs. 2, 11, 12.) On filling them, a feeble, flute-like, or whistling sound is heard, which is occasioned by the air escaping through the other opening. Sometimes, the figure of a man stands on each jar, and the water is poured down an opening in his head; and, by the same means, the noise is produced. One of these ves-



SPECIMENS OF PERUVIAN POTTERY.

sels, at the Carmelite nunnery at Quito, had upon it two Indians, carrying a corpse, in a tray, upon their shoulders. When the jar was inclined backwards and forwards, a plaintive cry was heard, resembling that made by the Indians at a funeral.

Most of these vessels are made of black or red clay, well baked and glazed. Some are of a light-coloured earth, painted with figures in brown or red; the ornamentation of some of these affords evidence of a degree of delicate taste in the semi-barbarous artist who produced them (see figs. 5, 9); in others, the forms are rude and grotesque, and the strangest objects of the animal kingdom seem to have been turned to account. Birds, apes, fishes, and reptiles, of disproportionate and uncouth configuration, are there (figs. 1, 3, 8, 11, 12); while, occasionally, we meet with some strange and mysterious shape of which no account can be given, and which puzzles the inquiring observer (as fig. 6.).

Many of these vases were very capacious; and some of them have been found, hermetically closed, containing chicha (an intoxicating Indian drink), upwards of three hundred years old, and remarkable for a very smoky flavour. In the huacas, the bodies are discovered usually in a sitting position, and supported by stones or reeds, the face being turned towards the east. In front of the body, it was customary to place two rows of pots, containing different kinds of provisions, and these pots were all covered with small lids. On each side of the body were arranged cooking utensils and vessels, containing water and chicha. Beneath were deposited the gold and silver vessels, and the household deities; the idols being made of clay, stone, copper, or the precious metals.

Thus did fond human affection manifest its yearnings in the hearts of nations whose memorials are found in their graves; and, in those silent homes of the dead Indians, we read the same universal record of man's mortality and love—love stronger than death, and seeking for itself a last solace in its attempts to minister to the possible necessities of those whose loss it lamented! To this touching custom the poet Southey has beautifully alluded in his "Tale of Paraguay;" and, as a close to this paper, we will quote the lines:—

"Who is there to make ready now the pit,
The house that will content, from this day forth,
Its easy tenant? Who, in vestments fit
Shall swathe the sleeper, for his bed of earth,
Now tractable, as when a babe at birth?
Who now the ample funeral urn shall knead,
And, burying it, beneath his proper earth,
Deposit there, with careful hands, the dead,
And lightly, then, relay the floor above his head?"

THE MONTHS IN LONDON.—AUGUST.

AUGUST is so called from the Emperor Augustus Caesar, who, having taken that name himself, after subduing his enemies and quelling the civil war, bestowed it on the month in which he was born. The word August is derived from *augur*—those ceremonies (and the temples in which they were solemnized) being called *august*, in which the sacred auguries and divinations were performed. The emperor, therefore, in calling himself Augustus, in a heathen sense, consecrated himself. But

the word "*august*" is traceable to a different etymology, and may be derived from the word *augere*, to increase—a derivation much more consonant with the character of the month with us, as it is in August especially that the earth yields its increase, and surrenders its harvest to the husbandman.

August announces his advent in London by a species of ostracism not at all classical, or spoken of in the classics. The first of the month is a day of doom to the oyster tribes, when London opens her multitudinous mouth for the admission of those "relishing but unfortunate bivalves," which may now be seen lying in state, not dead, but ready to die, and ranged in sacrificial groups in shop windows, stall-bulks, and refreshment rooms. As a corollary, the first of August is also Grotto Day, a time-honoured street festival among the lower-class urchins of the metropolis, who build their grottoes with rejected oyster-shells, and levy a contribution from passers-by by way of honorarium to the architect. But we have sung the praises of grotto-day on a former occasion, and need only refer the reader to No. 241 of this journal for further information on that head.

On going to church on the first Sunday in August, we find the church-door fluttering with bulky lists, nailed into its panels, of the borough and county voters, and a group of sharp-looking patriots diving among the leaves in search of their own or neighbours' names, to see who has a vote, and who has not, or perhaps to ascertain as well who has paid up his rates, and who is yet in arrear. This sort of scrutiny is by no means a fitting preparation for worship; and we regret to note that it is often prolonged after the introductory voluntary has died away, and the first lesson has commenced. The lists hang on the church-door all the week, and greet us again on the second Sunday, pretty well thumb'd by this time; on the third Sunday they have disappeared for purposes of revision and correction; and if any man has an objection to make against a voter's claim, he must make it, if at all, before the 25th.

Whenever we look into an almanack for the month of August—and we speak from the experience of forty years at least—we are confronted with the mysterious admonition, "Expect shooting stars." Very well. Let them come. We are not at all alarmed; we like these celestial fireworks, and are only sorry when the expectation we are so persistently taught to entertain is disappointed, as it generally is in this murky atmosphere of London. The apparition of shooting stars in the heavens, which everybody expects, nobody as yet has succeeded in explaining satisfactorily. They are supposed by some to be due to an excess of electricity in the upper atmosphere; while others describe them as falling masses, chemically engendered and spontaneously ignited, at an elevation never exceeding two or at the most three miles. It might be as much to the purpose, perhaps, if the almanacks told us to expect other meteors, as well as falling stars, in this month. It was in the second week of August, 1852, that we beheld a meteor, magnificent and stupendous beyond description. We were travelling by night from Holyhead to Chester, and, as a comet was known to be then visible, we began,

when darkness set in, to scan the heavens in search of it. Instead of the comet, we saw, about nine o'clock, hovering right overhead, a vast luminous body, not less than ninety degrees in length, and consequently stretching over one half of the visible sky. It appeared at first like a thin flame-coloured cloud; but as the darkness increased, the vast mass grew glowing and lurid, and shed a visible glare on the landscape beneath. In shape it was suggestive of an unsheathed falchion, and at one period wore so fearful an aspect, that several of our fellow-passengers shrank from the view of it. It continued, as if stationary in the zenith, for nearly two hours; and on arriving at Chester, at eleven o'clock, we found the inhabitants assembled in the streets and suburbs, gazing anxiously at the portentous phenomenon, which at that hour was fast fading away. Our forefathers would have derived solemn auguries from such a startling apparition; and if they had prophesied a bloody war impending, would have found the prophecy fulfilled by the subsequent woes of a campaign like that of the Crimea—had such ensued.

The most remarkable characteristic of London society in August is found in the tendency it shows to radiate to all points of the compass at this particular time. Everybody who is not a Nobody rushes out of town—the exodus going on, if the weather be fine, at the rate of tens of thousands a day. All the towns on the south coast are transformed into so many Londons—super-mare. Belgravia takes possession of Brighton, and transfers the splendours of the Ring and Rotten Row to Kemp Town; Cornhill and Lombard Street settle down in Hastings and St. Leonards; Holborn and the Strand lay joint siege to Ramsgate, and take it by storm; Margate is invaded by Oxford Street and Piccadilly; Herne Bay is a city of refuge for over-worked professionals; while the industrial army swarms into Gravesend and the towns and villages on the marge of old Father Thames, whence in an hour or two they may be borne back to the scene of their toils.

Among the commercial classes, this annual migration seawards is mostly one of families rather than of individuals. Jones wouldn't think of rustivating without his wife and daughters; and if he did, why then all we can say is, we shouldn't like to be Jones. So Mrs. Jones, the Misses Jones, and baby Bob go too; and Mrs. Jones hires lodgings, at what she calls "a most shameful price, but there's no help for it, you know;" and she carries her own spoons and forks, because Mrs. Baggs has got nothing but pewter; and she buys herself a round hat half a yard in diameter, and one a-piece for the girls; and there they are, genteel and comfortable, sitting on the sands and looking dreamily out on the sea, while baby Bob, with a sixpenny shovel, is digging a tremendous hole for the breakers to fill up as fast as they tumble in. Jones's affairs will not permit of his revelling all the week in the luxury of idleness, much as he would like it; so he comes down in the "husband's boat" on the Saturday evening, and spends the Sunday with them and part of Monday too, getting back to business on Tuesday morning. The ladies get astonishing appetites and beautiful fresh complexions out of the sea-breezes and baby Bob gets burnt as brown as a

berry by the August sun; and when, after a month of it, Papa comes to fetch them home, they return with quite a captivating bloom on their countenance, and perfectly willing to exchange Mrs. Baggs's three-cornered parlour and sky-lighted attics at three guineas a week for the roomy and comfortable quarters at home.

During this annual migration from London, the west-end of town wears but a forlorn and melancholy aspect. The fashionable squares are comparatively silent and deserted; the closed shutters and drawn blinds inform us that the dwellings of the aristocracy are abandoned to the servants. The burly porter has forsaken his arm-chair in the entrance-hall, and retired to board-wages in the kitchen; cook has only herself and her cronies to cook for; the gorgeous furniture has withdrawn into a suit of brown holland; the family plate has walked off to the custody of the family banker; the stables are empty, and coachman and grooms are asserting the family splendour in regions far away—it may be among the peasants of the Alps, or the contrabandists of the Pyrenees. In the parks, the Ring is no longer the magic circle of fashion; Rotten Row, reduced to a common thoroughfare, no longer swarms with magnates and nobles; the shady avenues of Kensington are voiceless solitudes; and where my lord's equipage blazed along, flaming in heraldry and gold, and making a dust—Jack Jinks, alone in his glory, keeps the crown of the causeway, and lays that identical dust with his water-cart.

Dear me, how hot it is! Where can a man turn for a cooler this baking weather? There is no virtue in thin soles such a day as this; the very pavement is hot to one's feet. Where are all the breezes gone to? Why don't the wind blow and freshen one up? Will anybody show us anything cool? Oh, for a breath of the frosty Caucasus! But it won't come. No; I am hot, thou art hot, he is hot, we are hot, you are hot, they are hot; that's the universal conjugation at present. All hot! you sir, with the mutton pies—where's the use of telling us that?

But down yonder dark alley, where the sun will not shine on the pavement, such as it is, for more than half an hour in the day, because the tumble-down houses are hardly six feet apart—where the damp oozes through the cracked stones from one year's end to another—where old rags supplant the transparent glass, and old iron is the tempting merchandise—where the spiders keep a perennial carnival, and cobwebs are drapery—where "everything that pretty bin" never shows its face, and everything that is ugly holds perpetual possession—how is it down there? Is it hot there? Yea, verily, as the parish doctor will tell you if you ask him, it is hot indeed. For this month of migration to the classes who are well off, is too often the month of terrible suffering to the poor, penniless, and hand-to-mouth struggler for daily bread. It is the month when Fever stalks forth in such damp, seething, unsummed lairs, and laying his fiery hand upon his victims, clutches them in his grasp, sets flame to their very vitals as they lay gasping in the weary, weary agony, and will not let them go. It is the month of cholera, too, and severe intestinal complaints, which, if less fatal, often pull down the poor half-nourished trader of the streets

to death's door, and consign him helpless to the tender mercies of society.

August, the flattest of all months in the year to the man of commerce, is a real working month to the city missionary, to the poor man's medicus, and the messengers of charity and benevolence. They know the effects of a broiling sun on frames debilitated by hard work, by insufficient food, and by the poisonous atmosphere of crowded rooms and unventilated cellars. All honour to them, that their Christian charity is awake and astir, and that, through their instrumentality, neither the needful appliances for the restoration of health, nor the consolations of religion, are wanting by the poor man's bed of sickness.

Shut in-doors by the excessive heats of the day, the population of London is largely given to make itself amends by taking advantage of the cool of the evening for a trip, though ever so short, out-of-doors. No sooner has the sun got down to something like a temperate angle, than there is a general efflux of the middle and lower middle classes, in tidy promenading trim, towards any quarter where anything of a refrigerating kind may be reasonably looked for. Wherever there is grass to walk or recline upon, you will be sure to find a crowd; and wherever there is water, you may reasonably expect a multitude. Then it is that the parks are invaded by swarms, who will settle down in companies under the shadows of the trees, watching their children at play, nor dream of moving till twilight has stolen upon the scene and the lamps are seen glimmering afar between the foliage. Then it is that the bathing-places are besieged by bands of swimmers and would-be swimmers, gasping for the embrace of the pure element; and if you should happen to be in the neighbourhood of the Serpentine just at the crisis when bathing begins by the ranger's regulation, you will hear a succession of splashes and plunges enough to alarm a man of weak nerves, and may discern in the deepening gloom of evening some half thousand dripping heads and bare shoulders ploughing their course in the refreshing flood.

Another sight worth looking at after a sweltering August day in London, is the teeming tops and knife-board elevations of the omnibuses, especially of such as are outward-bound, and have their destination beyond the limits of the suburbs. These conveyances are now piled without to the full extent of their capacity, and nearly every man and boy on board of them is a pleasure excursionist. A goodly number of them have angle rods in their hands, and are slitting to the Lea, or the New River, or the Surrey Canal; but a still greater number are going out to catch, not roach or gudgeons, but a breath of pure country air, to counteract the languor of the day and give them heart and strength for to-morrow.

Again, a spectacle worth gazing at, at the same hour, is the cheap fast boats on the river Thames. Looked at from one of the bridges, their decks appear one dense mass of human heads, packed as closely together as straws in a sheaf. You have scarcely got a clear view of them when they are gone, shot away under the arch; but they are followed by another cargo, precisely similar, in the same track, and that again by another, and another, and another. "Where are they all going

to?" you wonderingly ask; but then you think of the pleasant banks of Thames above bridges; of Chelsea and Vauxhall, of Battersea and Putney; of the summer garden fêtes and galas, and of the fireworks, and you need no answer to the question. The sight of these evening passage-boats is in itself so pleasant and amusing a spectacle that it alone suffices for the evening's recreation of multitudes who can afford nothing better. The crowds on the bridges and in possession of the battlements, on a warm summer's night, attest the truth of this assertion. They ought not to be condemned as vagabond idle loungers; it would be found on enquiry that most of them have done a hard day's work, and have to do the same to-morrow; and not being in a condition to afford an evening ride into the country, are still less, from weariness, in a condition to trudge thither on foot. Who shall blame them for enjoying for an hour or two the cool air from the river, and the spectacle of the busy transit going on below?

The last spectacle to which we shall point is one which we cannot recommend as worth seeing, and which ought not to be seen at all, but which, nevertheless, society is bound to look to. This is a spectacle more than usually common in seasons of intensely hot weather, and it consists of a number of poor, weary, houseless, and footsore vagabonds, who, at this time, for the sake of saving the few miserable coppers which it would cost them for a lodging, and which it is so hard for them to scrape together, take up with the nightly habit of sleeping out-of-doors in any sheltered nook or corner that may offer a hiding-place. That can be no feigned misery which prefers a bed on the cold stones, or under a dark arch on the river's marge, to the parting with twopence; and that charity which is bestowed in abolishing the necessity for such a cruel alternative can scarcely be misapplied.

We have little space left for further observations on the month. Not that there is much remaining to be said; for, without a Parliament sitting, without the aristocratic throng who lend life to the fashionable quarter, and activity to the commercial, London is but comparatively dull during the last days of August. There are some melancholy phases too visible in the aspect of things about this time. First, the London trees begin to droop and wither and shed their yellow leaves, under the effects of a premature old age, to which they are all subject, and thus bring the sad and sombre influences of autumn upon us a month or six weeks earlier than they are due according to the calendar. In the next place, the swallows are seen assembling in a rather perplexed and commotional way, darting hither and thither among the chimney-tops and sign-boards, and twitteringly arranging the preliminaries which precede their departure from us for the season. And, lastly, a round number of the industrial classes are at this time thrown out of their regular employment, owing to the absence of those whose presence creates it, and have to look out for other means of support. To some of them the harvest-field opens a scene of labour; but the number of Londoners who are either qualified for this kind of employment or inclined to accept of it, is comparatively small, and even they will consist for the

most part of Irish families settled in the metropolis.

Of the harvest itself, the Londoner sees but little. He must travel some miles beyond the suburbs to get into a wheat-field—an excursion for which, for some cause or other, he does not manifest any remarkable predilection, even in the reaping season. What he is more interested in, are the arrivals at Mark Lane of samples of new wheat, either of foreign or home growth, and the influence of the year's crop upon the price of bread, which he is wise enough to know regulates the price of all the other necessary items that go to the sustentation of the household. He is interested also in the fruits and garden crops, which, if the season have been at all favourable, now begin to pour into the London markets in quantities which would appear almost fabulous, were we to set them down in figures. In the streets the fruits, in August, drive the flowers off the field; and the housekeeper, goaded to thrift by the street echoes, is apt to forsake her garden-pots for her jam, jelly, and preserve-pots—to betake herself to the kitchen fire, and commence the boiling and sugary processes to which we owe the luxury of pies, tarts, and pastry in the winter—a series of operations in which she not unusually winds up the month of August. We take the liberty of following her example.

A RIDE OVER HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

How joyous and exhilarating it is to be on a good horse, which,

"Spirited and docile too,
Whate'er is to be done will do,"

bounding away, over hill and dale, under a sunny sky! And we who live in London are indeed favoured in having such a pretty country as Hampstead and its neighbourhood to visit when we can indulge in the pleasant, healthy exercise of a ride. How beautiful a prospect greets us when we emerge from the High Street, and rest under the flagstaff, near the pond! A richly wooded country stretches away for miles, the spires of churches glitter in the sun, quiet villages peep out here and there, miniature lakes shine like diamonds in an emerald setting, and hills, crowned with trees and intersecting one another, close up the prospect. The pretty scenery of Middlesex and Hertfordshire looks like a fairy landscape when viewed from the steep, rugged heath as a foreground. Numerous comfortable villas sparkle among the green foliage, suggesting thoughts of the peaceful, well-to-do English homes of that middle class so valuable to a nation's welfare, and whose existence is so needed in continental countries, where through vast districts the aristocrat and the labourer alone are found—a solitary "chateau" being the only abode where luxury and refinement dwell.

To the left of the distant prospect that bounds the Heath rises the conical hill on which the village of Harrow stands, with its tapering spire prominently seen against the sky. It has been called the "Visible Church," since the feeble wit of Charles I so named it. He was endeavouring to settle the disputes of some bishops on what was

the Visible Church, and pointed out the one at Harrow as indisputably so. From this hill once blazed the fires which were to tell the anxious Londoners the result of the battle at Edge Hill in 1642, where fought the fearless Hampden and the gallant Rupert. Here, too, John Lyon founded the celebrated public school in Queen Elizabeth's reign. A little towards the right is seen the village of Hendon, where grew a cedar tree of such enormous size, that shortly before it was blown down, in 1779, the gardener is said to have obtained fifty pounds from the sale of its cones.

And now let us turn round. A far different scene is before us; for London, the mighty city, the capital of the world, lies at our feet. The smoke conceals many miles of its houses, but nevertheless we can see innumerable streets. As we look at a vast city in the distance, we meditate on the joys, conflicts, and struggles that are going on there. A panoramic history of man is almost seen. In one of those houses, he is born, watched, and anxiously cared for; yonder larger building is the school where he first tastes the world's roughness; there again is the factory or merchant's office, where, launched on the full tide of business, he frequently is uncared for, harassed, tried, tempted, and ruined; and that crowded cemetery is the last resting-place of his worn-out body. But yonder is an edifice with a spire pointing heavenward, which tells us of a brighter hope beyond the grave, and where that tempted and harassed one may learn so to live in this perishable city, that hereafter he may dwell in that "city whose builder and maker is God."

Let us turn now and refresh ourselves with country scenes. We will canter towards the "Spaniards," an inn where many a "tea party" is regaled with fresh breezes and more substantial fare. On our left, the broken ground of the Heath is still the frame to the distant picture, its sandpits and furze bushes forming hiding-places and mimic houses for merry children who can deck their little hats with the yellow broom and graceful harebell that grow in plenty around.

"Your voiceless lips, oh flowers, are living preachers;
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loveliest nook.

"Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume to the desert air,
Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer."

It is a little extra excitement for the equestrian to turn from the main road and pick his way among the narrow paths that wind about the pleasant undulations of this beautiful common. Soon we come to a noble cluster of pines, guarding like sturdy warriors a commanding ridge. They have weathered many a northern onslaught; but battered and bent as they are, they wave proudly and defiantly, prepared to stand the returning attack of the enemy.

In front of us rises the picturesque village of Highgate. It is on much higher ground even than Hampstead, and its church forms a beautiful object far and near. In this elevated village lived the "incorruptible patriot," Andrew Marvel. His house is yet standing, a picturesque gable-ended

cottage, surrounded by a small garden, to which he probably referred when he wrote—

"I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness."

Opposite Andrew Marvel's pretty little house stands a larger one, where General Ireton and his wife Bridget lived. Cromwell would visit him here, and his secretary Milton with him, who said,

"Well have they fought
The better fight, who singly have maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of Truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony of Truth have borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence."

Nobly did Milton devote his pure heart and lofty intellect to the cause of freedom and religion, through evil and through good report, and his name will be still more honoured and loved in proportion as truth and right have sway. The under-secretary of state, doubtless, joined the circle in the grand old house so near his own, and many an earnest conversation has been held under that finely moulded ceiling in the large drawing-room. We can imagine these great men enjoying short respites of quiet in this beautiful spot, gaining strength to carry on that struggle for freedom and Protestantism, the fruits of which we now reap.

Highgate was not then a suburb of the great metropolis, but a comparatively far-off village. Andrew Marvel was often threatened with being waylaid and murdered in his journeys to this secluded home; and in a letter to a friend, dated Highgate, he complains of the rancorous hatred of his foes, and says: "But I am more afraid of killing another than of being killed myself; while I do avoid death, not because I regard life as of such vast importance, but that I would not, without a lawful summons, die."

At Highgate the mock oath used to be taken, when travellers declared they would "never eat brown bread when they could get white; never drink small beer when they could get strong"—always adding, however, "unless we like the other better."

On the south-west of Hampstead there used to stand "Belsize House," a fine place as early as the reign of Henry VIII. This old mansion was pulled down, and a new one erected, which in its turn has been destroyed. The stranger can now wander down its noble avenue of trees, and walk over the once carefully tended flower-beds. In vain he looks for fruit on those branches once so well trained to the wall, which is pulled down, leaving the poor flat tree in a deplorable condition. At the roots the toad can crawl about the strawberry-beds unmolested:

"With blackest moss the flower-pots
Are thickly crusted one and all;
The rusted nails fall from the knobs
That held the peach to the garden wall."

Where are the rooms once radiant with loving and happy faces? You can just trace the dimensions of some of them by the foundations of brickwork still left; but the snail creeps over the spot where the little satin shoe danced with delight; and the sparrow pecks his food on the once warmly-covered

floor of the laughter-ringing nursery. In the "Well-walk" of Hampstead there have been dug up sepulchral urns and other Roman relics. Here are the mineral springs, said to contain all the qualities of the Cheltenham waters; but, above all, Hampstead can boast of its fine air, which puts renewed strength into the strong, and invigorates the weak. We heartily recommend all our readers, as often as they can, to spend an hour or two amid the brakes and bushes, the hills and dales of Hampstead Heath.

MANCHESTER PALACE OF ART.

SECOND PAPER.—THE OLD MASTERS.

IN an exhibition which affords the rare opportunity—so rare indeed that it has never before been presented to the English student—of studying the history of art from its earliest dawn in the middle of the thirteenth century down to the present hour, the spectator cannot do better than to begin at the beginning. To do this, he must resort to the saloons of the south aisle at the left of the entrance, commencing with Saloon A, and with the oldest specimens of classic and early Italian art. In these saloons, and in the vestibules connecting them with the nave, there are nearly eleven hundred pictures, including the noblest productions of the best masters, as well as the first simple and unguided attempts of men utterly unlearned in all that renders art fascinating and elevating to the eye and the mind of the cultivated modern. But these rude beginnings have a profound interest attached to them; they are the wayward and unreflecting exploits of art in its first infancy, ere its professors had learned to appreciate either truth of form or harmony of colour. They are of the highest use in this collection, because while they teach us not to despise the day of small things, they show us, step by step, how the practice of any art improves under the earnest pursuit of it, and how the perception of what is beautiful and true will in the end assuredly result from the contemplation of nature.

For this reason the visitor will do well to devote a little of his time to the specimens of the early Byzantine school; to those of the first Italian painters, Buffalmacco, Cimabue, Giotto, with their cotemporaries and immediate successors; and even to some similar Russian performances of recent date, which have been wisely placed among them, out of their chronological order, to show that nascent art is the same in all countries and among all peoples, and that perfection, or any approach to it, is the result only of time and circumstance and intercommunication of thought. He will see, if he dwell with average discrimination on these first toys of art's cradled babyhood, that the sturdy urchin soon begins to exhibit signs of a vigorous constitution, and that in spite of the swaddling bands of a superstitious theology, which detected schism in freedom of outline and heresy in innovations of colour, he is yet struggling with inborn impulses of a nobler kind, and asserting his claim to freedom and independence.

During the first hundred years, the growth of art in Italy, under the fostering care of the Papal hierarchy, advanced with gigantic steps; and even among the earliest of its devotees, there were not

wanting, as their productions show, occasional outbursts of genius, foreshadowing the glorious triumphs that were to come. A little later, and we are among the school whose works were the models of Raphael, and whose productions he studied and successfully imitated and improved, until a casual sight of the performances of Michael Angelo showed him his better self, awakened the dormant energies of his unrivalled genius, and raised him to that distinguished eminence which through the subsequent centuries none have dared to dispute with him. The specimens of the works of Raphael in this collection number altogether twenty-eight. It is true that there are none of them comparable to the finest pictures by the same hand in the Raphael gallery of the Louvre, in point of execution; but yet some of them exhibit even greater power, and it is impossible to contemplate them calmly without feeling that we are standing in the presence of works truly great—great in their simplicity, and in the abnegation of all display or self-assertion in the hand that wrought them.

The Italian School under Raphael's successors, though productive of numberless glorious works, retrograded rather than advanced. This was owing to the circumstance that Art became a secular calling without escaping from its theological trammels. In subsequent works, we see the painter rather than the subject—are struck by the splendour of one man's colouring, the boldness of another's outline, the breadth of design in a third, the masses of light and shade in a fourth, and so on. We begin to admire, in fact, and cease to venerate; and there is no surer proof of the declension of Art, and of its falling short of its highest aim, than this descent from the silent, tongue-tied contemplation of its spiritual significance down to that noisy admiration of its material excellences which is so voluminously expressed in the cant of connoisseurship. The progress of this declension—and a regal and stately progress it is, although in a backward direction—the visitor can trace for himself in these saloons. He will mark, perhaps, the bold stand made by the brothers Carracci, and their manly attempt to restore the predominance of sound principles, but he will mark also that the attempt was vain; and if he speculate on the cause of their failure, may be led to suspect that, like the so-called pre-Raphaelites of our own day, they were unconsciously the slaves of the very vices they had undertaken to reform. With all this, the Bolognese and the Venetian masters present us with numerous marvels of art, such as no painter of our own times has found the secret of emulating; and it is really in the compositions and portraiture of Titian, in the grandeur of Tintoret, and the gorgeous magnificence of Paul Veronese, that the artists of the living schools, with the exception, perhaps, of the rising school of pre-Raphaelites, find their masters and their models.

Turning from Italian art in its decadence, the visitor is refreshed by the sight of Spanish art in its glory. The change is a very remarkable and striking one. One of the vestibules of this saloon is devoted exclusively to the works of Murillo, in all about thirty-five in number. To enter this vestibule after dreaming among the mythologies

and conventional sanctities of the later Italians, is to alight out of incomprehensible cloud-land and a population of soaring inanities, into the wholesome every-day world of human hearts and human sympathies. Murillo may paint saints and Holy Families, Good Shepherds, and Agnus Deis, if he will; but what we see and relish and love in his pictures is the truth and naturalness that stamp every line and glow in every touch; we feel that whatever part they play in his tableaux, sacred or other, there is in all his figures the expression of a human heart with human passions like our own, and that they are our brothers and sisters, our fathers, our mothers, our children. These incomparable pictures are above all praise and beyond all price: to the artist they teach the most valuable lesson he can derive, namely, that it is by the closest adherence to the modesty and unadorned reality of Nature that the greatest triumphs of art are to be won. Among these grand masterpieces of his genius hangs the portrait of Murillo himself, painted by his own hand, and, as we are informed by a Latin inscription appended to it, in express compliance with his children's request, and for their gratification. We can scarcely trust ourselves to speak of this portrait in terms suggested by its transcendent merit. It is like no other portrait we ever looked upon; there is not a shadow of pretence about it, and if it be casually viewed, may be passed over without attracting particular attention; but bring yourself face to face with it—look it in the eyes—and it appears to come bodily out of the canvas, almost challenges you to speech, and claims kindred with what is best and noblest in your nature. You see that it is the head of a man of capacious brain, and sound, wholesome, unsophisticated heart—of a man that can do and do, and never vaunt of the deed done—the facial index of a lofty and generous soul. There never was a more thorough delineation of true, unpretentious manliness; and there will hardly be another to match it until photographers have learned of the sun to paint in colours and of the size of life.

Only inferior to this, and perhaps to some of Titian's, are the portraits of another Spanish painter, Velasquez. The visitor should be warned not to pass them over, as he might be likely to do from the absence in most of them of strong and positive colour.

The German school, under which denomination we may include the Flemish and Dutch, comes next. Rubens and Vandyke are foremost here, and Rembrandt, king of shadows. Among the forty pictures by Rubens will be seen the terrible picture of Prometheus bound and tortured by vultures, and the celebrated Rainbow landscape, often mentioned by connoisseurs as the finest landscape painting in existence—a verdict which, with all due admiration of its wonderful pastoral loveliness, we do not feel quite disposed to endorse. The specimens of this all-embracing school are so numerous—so rich are the crowded walls in Rembrandts, Holbeins, Albert Durers, the works of Matsys, Snyders, Teniers—that we must refer the reader and the visitor to his catalogue and to his personal predilections, and compel him to select for himself the items of the feast. We may confess, for our own part, (let it be considered a weakness if you

will,) that independent of a few undeniably great works by great names, we found the strength of the German school brought home to our own feelings and sympathies in the strongest way by the Dutch and Flemish painters of landscape. Foremost in the list of these, and a capital list it is, are the exquisite woodland scenes of Hobbema—pictures made up of a few ragged elms or stunted oaks, with a mud and timber-built cottage on the other side of a rugged road, and a weedy pond and a chalky or gravelly bank in the foreground, with a cold grey sky over all. From such simple elements, it is in the power of genius to create a scene so captivating and enthralling to the eye even of the most fastidious judge, as to leave nothing to be desired. This miracle of art Hobbema has achieved; in fact, never fails in achieving it; all his pictures having the same fascination, because they have the same unadorned fidelity to the simplest forms of nature. The works of this artist are comparatively so rare—and paltry imitations of them are so numerous—that the stranger will do well to make the most of his opportunity in this exhibition, where he may inspect more of them in an hour than he will probably meet with again in a lifetime.

Scarcely less inferior to these, though differing from them as much as it is possible to do in manipulation and in selection of subject, are the landscapes of Jacob Ruysdael. Unlike as they are, they are kindred pictures with Hobbema's, and their kinship is shown in the same fidelity to nature under a Flemish sky. Ruysdael, however, is much more various and diverse in the choice of his subjects; in truth, he paints anything and everything that turns up upon his travels, whether it be a fortified keep surrounded by a forest, a cataract dashing and foaming down a rocky ravine, a bleak desolate moor, or a quiet pastoral landscape. But paint what he will, in Ruysdael's pictures you have identical nature daguerretyped in colour, and while looking on his canvas one need exert but the smallest feather of imagination to fancy oneself gazing upon the actual scene.

A remarkable contrast to the cool, breezy pictures of Hobbema and Jacob Ruysdael, are the warm, sunny, sweltering, summer day scenes of Albert Cuyp. This wonderful painter has been called the Flemish Claude, though the designation is far from doing him justice. Like Claude, he painted the atmosphere in all its constantly varying conditions, and invariably with consummate success; but, unlike Claude, he peopled his landscapes with men and women and life-like almost living animals, and not with wooden figures and shapeless four-footed monsters. Moreover, his foregrounds are natural and simple, as Claude's are tame and unmeaning; and he had an eye for truth in detail, which Claude had not.

In addition to the landscapes of these three great men, we commend to the notice of the visitor some by men of less note and less pretension, but almost equally worthy of diligent study. We refer to a goodly row of cabinet pictures by Wynants, Waterloo, Hackaert, Van Hagen, Van der Neer, and others. We take it for granted that he will not neglect the sea-pieces of Vander-veldt, Backhuysen, and their congeners and contemporaries, most of whom will well repay the trouble of repeated and careful observation. After this he

may, if he likes, wind up his temporary survey of the gallery of ancient masters by a curious peep at the all but impossible wonders of high finish achieved by the laborious Dutch and Flemings in their painting of low life and still life in interiors and exteriors. Teniers, who painted miles of canvas with rare rapidity, must not be included in this class; nor should Ostade, whose acute perception of character and true poetical feeling give him a claim to a higher rank. Independent of these, he will find enough of Dutch and Flemish cunning in what should be called the mechanical department of art, to challenge and elicit quite as much admiration as is due to displays in the consummation of which industry rather than genius is the force at work.

We shall glance at the British Portrait Gallery in our next paper.

DUST, AND ITS LESSONS.

On an excursion into the country during the hot days of summer, Gotthold discovered that the clothes of the party were thickly covered with dust, which they had not perceived as it fell, but which now gave them trouble enough to brush and shake off. From this occurrence, said he, let us reap a useful admonition on the subject of sin and its properties. At the present season, when the weather is fine and undisturbed by showers, dust is easily raised and falls plentifully. In like manner it is, when flesh and blood enjoy fair weather and sunshine, that sinful lusts are most apt to be excited, and drop most thickly in actual sins.

As dust consists of many minute particles, and falls imperceptibly, so that we scarcely perceive it until we are bespread with it; so do many small sins combine to form a great one, which is called habit and security, and is the nearest stage to hell.

As dust injures clothes, and sometimes sticks so fast that it can by no means be removed from them, and as no one likes it, but labours, as we are now doing, to brush it off, even so sin makes us hateful in the sight of God and disreputable in that of men, so that we ought justly to take all pains to purge our conscience and amend our life.

No one who travels in weather like this can escape the dust; and just as little upon the pilgrimage of this transitory life, can any boast of being unsullied by sin.

In fine, as the dust settles and lies as quietly as if it had no existence, but is stirred and raised by the slightest breath of wind, so it sometimes seems as if sin no longer dwelt within us, but was vanquished and annihilated, and we freed from all restraint to serve God in a pure and blameless life. No sooner, however, does opportunity occur, than sin makes its appearance, and we discover that we have much more of the world in our hearts than we had ever supposed.

Alas! thou righteous God, how abominable and defiled in thy most holy sight are my garments and walk. No doubt, from day to day, I brush the dust away, but, ah me! how little good it does! Forgive me, O my Father, forgive me, and do thou thyself cleanse and purge me, granting grace that my walk may be habitually circumspect, and that at last I may enter pure and unsullied into thy city.—*Gotthold's Emblems, Second Series.*

POWER OF CONSISTENCY.—A young man, when about to be ordained as a Christian minister, stated that at one period of his life he had been nearly betrayed into infidelity: "but," he added, "there was one argument in favour of Christianity which I could never refute—the consistent conduct of my own father!"